

U.S. v. William Dahl

Sentencing support letters:

Randy Dahl, father

Penny Dahl, mother

Three letters from family friends/neighbors

Randal E. Dahl
30181 Hwy. KK
Rush Hill, MO 65280

To the HONORABLE JUDGE of the
U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Missouri

Your Honor:

My name is Randal (Randy) Dahl of Rush Hill, Missouri. I am the father of William J. Dahl. My wife, myself, and son, William, live on the farm that my father purchased in 1954, three years prior to my birth. We actively farm about five hundred (500) acres. Small in comparison for today's operations. I have farmed my entire life as well as a deputy sheriff for forty (40) years. I retired from that position in March of 2021 mainly due to my declining health. I have diabetes, hyper tensive blood pressure, and an inoperable vascular disease. The starvation of blood to my right eye has caused a condition similar to diabetic retinopathy. To prevent total vision loss, I was given a laser treatment. It's like looking through lace curtain. My ears ring constantly and I can feel my heart beating in my head 24/7. It's very irritating. Nearly seven (7) years ago, after extensive testing, a doctor told me "You shouldn't be in my office, you should be dead." Only 1 of 4 arteries that feed blood to my brain remains functional and only 1 blood clot could end my life at any time. They also believe I have other blockages that are causing leg pain and the reason I can't walk very far. I can't afford the testing for this, and can't have surgery to correct it anyway for fear of blood clots. Therefore, I can't have any surgery for any reason. And, I have a bulging disc in my back so I only get about 4 hours sleep a night. My wife recently quit her job as an LPN at a local nursing home after forty-two (42) years. She was working 12, 14, 16, and some times more hours a shift. She developed an auto immune disease known as pemphigus, which is aggravated by stress. She also thought she needed to be home on the farm with me and maybe help and try to replace William, but she doesn't know how to operate the farm machinery or drive trucks or help repair any of them.

As I stated earlier, William is our son. He is our only child, so you can surely realize the devastation and the hardships we are suffering as he is the only heir to our modest farming operation. We enjoy camping, fishing, and hunting together. I was with him when he killed his first deer as well as his first wild hog in Texas. I was there when he caught his first fish and shot his first duck. Just last year, while he was laid off from his work due to covid restrictions, I was there when he shot his first turkey. We don't trophy hunt. We eat what we harvest, it's the way we do things. William was "my Keeper" while hunting and fishing, so I don't get to go near as often now. In 2003, while in a senior in high school, William enlisted into the United States Air Force. His recruiter took him to the MEPPS center, there in St. Louis for testing and a physical which he passed. He was accepted and had tested well enough to be a jet aircraft mechanic. He had developed a cough between testing and ship out and went to a local doctor. A girl he was seeing at the time, Tricia, and her family suggested to him that he had asthma (they aren't medical professionals). She was upset that William had signed up and instructed William to mention to the doctor he may have asthma. My wife and I took him to the MEPPS center on his ship out date.

Unknowing to any of us, the local doctor, without any testing, wrote on his chart that he had asthma. Asthma is an automatic disqualifier for the Air Force and he was discharged. William played trombone in the high school band and was quite good at it. This why I couldn't believe he had asthma. This was probably one of William's first setbacks in his life. Come to find out, he is allergic to cats and Tricia had a whole house full of them.

I, myself, come from a broken home. My parents divorced when I was five years old, due to my mother's infidelity. She remarried, had several children by her second husband, divorced and remarried again. My maternal grandmother would have a yearly Christmas dinner at a local church fellowship hall. When William was about 10 years old, he and I went to one of the dinners alone, my wife had to work that day. We had filled our plates, set at 1 of several empty tables, when my mother came to us and said, "You'll have to move because me and my kids ate sitting here!" Not wanting to make a scene we moved to another table. William asked me, "Aren't you one of her kids?" How do you explain that to a 10-year-old? All of our immediate family have died in just a few years of one another. William, my wife and I are all that remain. William was very fond of his grandparents and great grandparents and took all of their deaths very hard. Just within the last two weeks, my nearest and dearest uncle passed away. He farmed across the fence from us. William was quite upset when I was able to break the news to him.

In 2007 William started racing stock cars. I went along with this to keep him occupied at home or with me on the weekends. We have built, redesigned and modified used race chassis together. We built the car that made the rules package for putting a Dodge engine and body on a Chevrolet chassis for the USRA sanction. We raced nearly every Saturday night usually getting home about 1:00 am. We changed race tracks later, because of the rules package and usually got home about 3 or 4 am. I had a hard set rule....if you're racing, you're not going out the night before, so as to rest up and check the car and make sure it was ready. I was there when he won his first race, which is probably his biggest accomplishment in his eyes. It took him nearly thirteen (13) years. He did get a lot of top 5 finishes though. He quit his job at a local farm implement dealer in order to attend NASCAR Technical Institute (NTI) in North Carolina for 18 months. He grew up a lot while there having to fend for himself. Not only dealing with race applications, but taking Ford mechanical classes. He graduated from NTI with honors, being at the top of his class. Not being a very good public-school student, this made us very proud. After his schooling in North Carolina, he landed a job at Zenith Aircraft in nearby Mexico, Missouri. His learning of metal fabrication and knowledge of aerodynamics from NTI was a major factor in his hiring there. I think of the seven (7) years he worked there, he only missed about 3 days for illness. He loved his job there. He became affiliated with the EAA (experimental aircraft owners association) and then took over as president of the local chapter in order to keep it from dissolving. They had yearly membership dues, but with such a small membership, William paid for a lot of stuff out of his own pocket. Inside the EAA is a program called "young eagles". This is a youth program to learn of aeronautics, which William also headed up and instructed. In order to be more of a part of the Zenith Aircraft family, he used his own money and went to pilot training courses in Tennessee, where he earned his "light sport" pilots license. 2021 was to be his last year racing. He was going to sell all of his racing equipment and buy a "kit plane" from Zenith so we could build it together and he could take me flying. Of course, this never happened. He became affiliated with the local chapter of the Civil Air Patrol where he was in charge of their cadet program and dealt with the search and rescue operations (if needed). Again, he spent a lot of his own money for supplies. He went with on a call with me one night, of an abandoned child in car in our rural

area. It was in the middle of winter about 2 years ago, when a boy's father had a mental episode and just walked away from his son in the middle of nowhere. William contacted the Civil Air Patrol for a search plane to help locate the father, however, there was none available at the time. He really does care for people, a lot of times too much, in my opinion.

William is a caring individual. If someone was short on money or in a financial bind, he would loan them money even though he really couldn't afford it himself. Vary rarely did they ever pay him back. If someone needed a ride to or from a function, he would do it. If someone would ask him to jump off a cliff (especially a girl), I think he would at least consider it. William has always seemed to have a target on his back for some reason. Even his first day of kindergarten when a neighbor boy used him for a mop on the school bus. That was real incentive to go to school. He started school in Mexico 59 school district. William was diagnosed to have ADHD. It was hard to find anyone to work with it at school. Mexico is a very political town of about 10,000 people. If you're not from Mexico, you're not wanted in Mexico. It was that way when I was a teenager back in the 70's and I didn't go there very often. But when my wife and I first married we lived within the district. William had older kids pick on him at school constantly or get him into trouble that they started. I believe that him being overweight and having a speech impediment had a large factor in this. William joined the cub scouts, then the boy scouts, where he earned "Eagle Scout" and then was indoctrinated into the "Order of the Arrow". One family actually credits William with saving their sons life while at summer camp. The mentally challenged boy had passed out from the heat while on a trail and William was the only scout to go for help.

William has always respected the law and helped me numerous times in the gathering of information on suspected violators as well as cases my colleagues were working on. He would be the first to volunteer if we were going to do pro-active training such as school shooter exercises and such. He would make a new friend, then would lose them because I was a deputy sheriff. I would tell William that he didn't need to be his friend if that was the real reason. The local prosecutor has used his picture with face book adds, television and radio news releases, even mentioning that his father (me) works for sheriff's office. My wife and I have received harassing phone calls and shunned by many. We don't know where we're welcome and where we're not. Nearly all his close friends have abandoned him and us. Occasionally, someone would come to our house to visit him and they would go to his room to watch television or play computer games. His upstairs room is directly above our living space with no doors between us. The short staircase is a funnel for noise so we knew practically everything he was doing and conversation he was involved in. We couldn't always understand them, but could hear it.

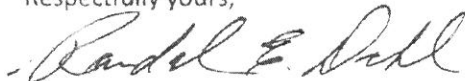
William has been invaluable to us here on the farm. William is a about 6' tall and 160 pounds and can fit into places that his 6'2" 270-pound dad can't. When working on farm machinery it makes a big difference. Since he was old enough to walk, he would ride with me in the tractors or combine (usually falling asleep). If our neighbor Mr. Miller may be in the field and we weren't, William would take his lawn chair to his field and watch him or follow him while checking cattle fences. When William was about 7, a fresh from the city doctor bought a farm across the road from our house. He came to our house because he didn't know how to change a flat tire on his tractor. I wasn't home at the time, so

William went with him to tell him how to do it. When he would get home from work, and on weekends, he would help me with making repairs, planting and harvesting, especially driving truck during harvest, climbing grain bin ladders and anything that I can't do anymore. It takes me nearly twice as long to get the work done now as it did with him at home, especially when moving machinery from one location to another. My wife makes twice as many trips between farms as she use to. He has had people bring their mechanical problems to him (or he would go there), such as cars, trucks, or anything else broken, so he could help fix it and never charge a dime, telling them he may need help someday. I guess he gets that from me. When not helping somebody do something he was usually home watching television or on-line racing, farming, researching something for the farm, or on his flight simulator. Very rarely would he go to town unless for an aviation related meeting or getting snacks to take to his job the next week. We haven't seen William since the night of February 3, 2021 when we all turned in for the night.

Hardly and hour goes by that I don't think of our son sitting in a concrete box in pain from his own back aches. I wake up at night dreaming of him wasting away while incarcerated. I have always heard from others that there is nothing worse than losing one or your children to death. At least then they are in a better place and not suffering. I now truly believe that losing a son or daughter to incarceration is truly a living hell.

Your Honor, I hope this information has given you some insight into our son, William, and some realization into our family and our lives now that he is no longer with us.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Randal E. Dahl". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a horizontal line extending from the left side.

Randal E. Dahl

Your Honorable Judge,

I am Penny Dahl the mother of William J Dahl. I have lived on a farm near Rush Hill, MO since my husband and I married in 1980. Prior to that I was born in 1960 and raised in Mexico, MO. I graduated from Mexico High School in 1978 and from the Mexico Public School of Practical Nursing in 1979. I was employed by Pin Oaks Nursing Home as a Licensed Practical Nurse, Charge nurse position from November 1979 until I resigned November 2021 for a total of 42 years of employment. William is our only child and I love him with every ounce of my being. Every decision I have made since he was born in 1984 has been how this will affect his life. The house is so quiet and lonesome without him and I miss him with every fiber of my heart and soul. I have always admired his desire to help others and put others needs before his own.

I had planned to work until full retirement age but with our current circumstances I no longer found this to be possible. My husband Randy's health is unstable and we feel each day he has here on earth is a blessing and a gift from God. In 2016 he was diagnosed with 100% blockage of bilateral internal carotid arteries and was born with only 1 vertebral artery. The carotid artery blockage is inoperable. So blood flow to the brain is severely impaired. They also suspect heart blockages but he was told under no circumstances was he to have coronary bypass surgery. He also has Diabetes, Hypertension, and Bleeding Retina due to blockage of retinal artery and he also has cataracts. He had one physician come in the exam room extended his hand and said I want to shake your hand because you shouldn't even be here because you should be dead. I fear leaving him alone for long periods of time especially during farm season. My shift would be 13 to 18 hours long and you could not predict when you go in at 6 AM what time I would get off. William worked 8-9 hours per day and could leave work early if Randy became ill and needed him whereas I could not get away in a timely manner. Since William's arrest Randy's vision, hearing and memory are declining so I now have to help him in the shop to work on machinery and other farm related business (or maybe I'm just now noticing because William would be the one in the shop with him before). The past year has been extremely stressful for me and my health has also declined. I have an autoimmune disorder called Pemphigus it had been in remission for the past 3 years since the initial treatment but is once again flaring up. Also having increased anxiety especially in crowds I stay home as much as possible.

William and I spent our time together in the kitchen looking for and trying new recipes. We also would discuss any new kitchen gadget that was advertised and these would sometimes end up being my Christmas present. He picked out the best gifts birdfeeders, shirts, earrings, pots and pans and my all-time favorite was one was when he was around 8 that came from the 50 cent trinket machine at the grocery store. He had put his money in the machine hoping for an item that was pictured on the window but when it came out he saw what it wasn't what he had hoped for. Without missing a beat he stuck it in his pocket and said can we go to Mo's (his name for grandma) house I have something I need her to do. When we arrived there he had me to stay in the car. By the time I got in the house they were in the bedroom wrapping this trinket machine item. He stuck it back in his pocket and when we got home he put it under the tree with a gift tag to Momma from William. It turned out to be red bead ring. We also made Christmas cookies and decorated the tree together. He also enjoyed landscaping and we would discuss flower beds and what to do to make them grow as long as the flower was not in the middle of

the yard where he had to mow around it. I miss having him here to just visit about things in general and to ask his advice.

William has always been kind hearted person, who would give anybody anything if they told him they wanted it. He has given books, clothes, food and his lunch money. When in Scouts he would be the first to sign up to work the food drive where one Saturday they would deliver sacks to homes and the following Saturday they would go back and pick up the sacks of food and deliver it to the local Help Center. Once our dog had caught a baby rabbit we nursed it back to health and explained to William we had to give the rabbit back to its mother and nature. He was very sad about this but he insisted on being the one to release the bunny into the brush pile in the pasture. We went to the pasture and he talked to the rabbit and did release him with some tears when the rabbit hopped into the brush pile I told him how brave he was to do this and he replied, "I don't feel brave because I cried." Then we had a bat (whose radar wasn't working) that flew into the garage door and broke its wing. William brought it to the house we found a box, splinted the wing, placed bat in the box, caught bugs for it to eat, gave it water and took the box to the barn. He would check on the bat several times a day to feed and water until the wing healed enough for the splint to be removed and the bat flew away. During his grade school years I would take William to work with me for a few hours until his grandpa could come and pick him up. While there he would pass ice and water to the residents, take them to their therapy and beauty shop appointments. He also would sit with me and draw pictures for the residents. He was even there during a tornado warning and assisted with evacuating the residents into the hallway. During his Jr. High years he would get off the bus after school and walk 2 blocks to Pin Oaks uphill carrying his trombone and book bag and he would go visit with both of his great grandmothers until I got off work. When he was 4 he would take his great grandpa by the hand and he would lead him on a walk around the yard and the pasture looking at anything growing. Through the years have been told by many people that had interacted with William without his father or I around that he was well mannered and polite. This always made me proud that he knew how to behave without direct supervision.

As a child William had a speech impediment and was overweight, this led to being made fun of in school and on the bus. He was also diagnosed with AHDD was treated with Ritalin but his behaviors also caused him to be ridiculed by teachers and students. He would try to interact with other kids at school but never succeeded in maintaining a lasting friendship. Would call classmates male and female buddy and give them hugs. As he got older even with the ridicule he received if he saw another younger child getting picked on he would take up for them even if it meant he would get disciplined. William has suffered many losses while growing up his first death of a pet was at age 8. The great grandfather he took for the walks died when he was age 5 this was very hard on him and was difficult for him to understand had the minister to talk with him and he seemed to feel better. At age 8 a grandfather suffered a cardiac arrest at home and he witnessed EMS doing CPR. At age 12 a grandmother and 6 weeks later a grandfather passed away after lengthy illnesses. At age 13 a great grandmother died whom he spent a lot of time with. At age 17 lost 2 more great grandmothers and at age 18 his last grandpa who was always a friend and supporter died. He has a grandmother still living but she has not called or come to see him since she attended high school graduation in 2003. With me being the primary care giver to the above relatives I had to cancel many activities he was promised I would go to because I

would be need to be close to the phone in case the hospital or doctor called. Sometimes his father could take my place but other times we would not be able to attend the event. He has always wanted a family of his own and had a fear of dying alone. Would draw pictures of what he wanted his house and farm to look like.

William has always had high regards and respect for law enforcement. His father was a Deputy Sheriff for 40 years. He would be asked to assist with training exercises during his teenage years. He also assisted his Dad with snow removal for the Rush Hill Road District. He was a member of Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts and initiated into The Order of the Arrow obtaining the rank of Eagle Scout. His project was building and placing Blue Bird Houses on the White Conservation Area. He was also a member of the Safety Patrol in fifth grade. His grade school couldn't find a group to lead the flag ceremony at the beginning of the PTA Meetings so he volunteered his Cub Scout Den to lead the ceremony for several years. He attended Littleby Methodist Church with perfect attendance and earned the God and Country award from Scouts. Also during his grade school and teenage years he would volunteer to help the Department of Natural Resource with maintaining the walking trails by spreading wood chips while we were camping at Mark Twain State Park. He enlisted in the Air Force for 6 years his senior year of high school but much to his disappointment was discharged prior to shipping out due to a diagnosis of Asthma and ADD. When the opportunity arose for him to join the local Civil Air Patrol Unit he was elated. When he began work at Zenith Aircraft he became a member of the Experimental Aircraft Association and had the position of President pushed off onto him due to declining number of members. Also when the local EAA chapter did not have enough money for dues he would pay for it himself to keep the unit up and going.

William is a very capable mechanic and loves turning wrenches. He has never been one to sit and do nothing. He was never a book learner and hated reading but always enjoyed building things. When I would need something unusual for the house he could design and make it whether it be from wood or metal. When he was in Cub Scouts and would participate in the Pinewood Derby during the car building phase his goal wasn't to have the fastest car but to have the best design, which he won several times.

William assisted with our family farming operation as our truck driver and grain bin manager this cut harvest time in half as I do not do either of these things. So my husband has to stop combining to go unload the grain then return to combining. When you are racing the weather this lost time can be the difference between a successful crop year and a total loss. He also had many other duties on the farm including field work, mechanic etc. William also helped provide food for the family by hunting deer, squirrel, turkey, duck, goose and wild pig. He also would assist us with setting out fishing lines. Life is not the same without William here with us and the holidays are meaningless without him to share them with.

Respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Penny L Dahl". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Penny L Dahl

February 18, 2022

The Honorable Judge
U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Missouri

Your Honor,

My wife (Pamela Miller) and I (Stuart Miller) are both retirees and residents of Audrain County, living in rural Benton City not far from Mexico, Missouri. I have resided in Audrain County all of my life and Pam has resided in Audrain County for just over 41 years, growing up in rural southwest Missouri. We both have Bachelor of Science Degrees, mine from Northeast Missouri State University (Truman University) and Pam's from Southwest Missouri State University (Missouri State University).

We have known William Dahl for his entire life, we are friends and neighbors of his parents, Randy and Penny Dahl. I have known William's father, Randy for over 60 years. Our families have been friends and neighbors for the past four generations. Our families have always been *helpful* to one another as are most all rural neighbors.

William was raised by loving and caring parents. He has always been respectful to us whenever we have been together. As an example of his caring; not long after my Father passed we were invited to a neighborhood gathering. When we arrived, we were met by William who asked how we were doing, and told us how much he thought of and missed my Father, and how he (William) always thought of my Father as a role model.

William grew up on a farm helping his Father plant, harvest, and haul grain to the feed mills and grain processing plants. At the time of his arrest, in addition to helping his Father on the farm, William had worked for several years for Zenith Aircraft Company of Mexico, Missouri. His job at Zenith was classified as a Fabricator, which precisely cuts and forms the metal for the airplanes.

We ask that you take this information into consideration when passing judgment upon William Dahl.

Sincerely,

 Pamela C. Miller

 Stuart D. Miller

Stuart and Pamela (Pam) Miller

February 21st, 2022

Honorable Judge
U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Missouri
ATTN: Susan Thomas

My name is Larry D. Lochridge. I live in Mexico, MO. I was born and raised here. I retired from the Audrain County Sheriff's Office seven years ago. I worked full time for the Sheriff's Department for ten years. Before that I spent 20 years working full time for the National Guard in Missouri. I met Randy Dahl, the father of William Dahl through the Sheriff's department. We all loved fishing and we would get together several times a year to camp and fish. William went with us on several occasions. Occasionally the Dahl family and my wife would go camping or just get together for a lunch or supper meal.

William Dahl had a dirt track race car that he and his dad spent a lot of time working on and racing this car. During the summer months they spent several weekends at the race track. William had several promoters to help him with funding the car. William was also the captain of the local Civil Air Patrol and also involved with the Experimental Aircraft Association. He had a small aircraft pilots license.

William Dahl and Randy Dahl were really close and cared a lot for each other. I never got to really know William that well and I never expected he would be capable of the crimes he has been arrested for.



Larry D. Lochridge
9010 Highway 15
Mexico, MO 65265
573-581-0433

To Whom It May Concern:

Your Honor,

I am Kenny Fairchild. I have lived and worked in Audrain county all my life. I graduated Community R-6 school and was a member of the Missouri National Guard for 13 years. I farmed for many years and worked for Ennis Implement Co for almost 20 years. I have known the Dahl family as neighbors and friends since Jr. High. I have known William all his life.

William and his dad (Randy) have been hunting and fishing together with me for years. also I worked with William at Ennis Implement until he was accepted in NASCAR School. We have lived and worked together for many years.

He is a very good worker and always was on work on time and was willing to do whatever needed to be done as a mechanic at Ennis Implement. I have a lot of respect for him with his good work ethics.

William and I have hunted together many times. We were in Texas with his father and we were hunting in the same blind several times. He was always enjoyable to visit with.

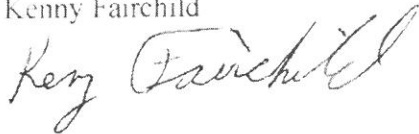
He was sometimes quiet but got along with everyone I saw him with. William was always a hard worker and worked well with others.

I never saw him abuse drugs or alcohol or never abused anyone I was him with.

William is a pilot with the Civil Air Patrol and was very dedicated to his position with them. I feel he is a positive addition to the community.

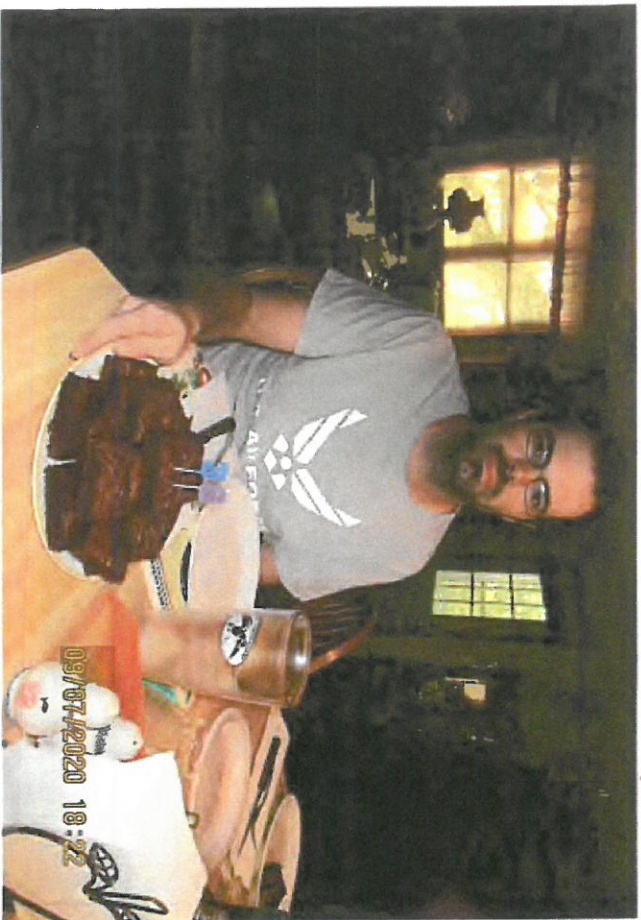
Respectfully yours

Kenny Fairchild

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Kenny Fairchild". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the printed name.



Penny Dahl, Randy and William. June 1996.



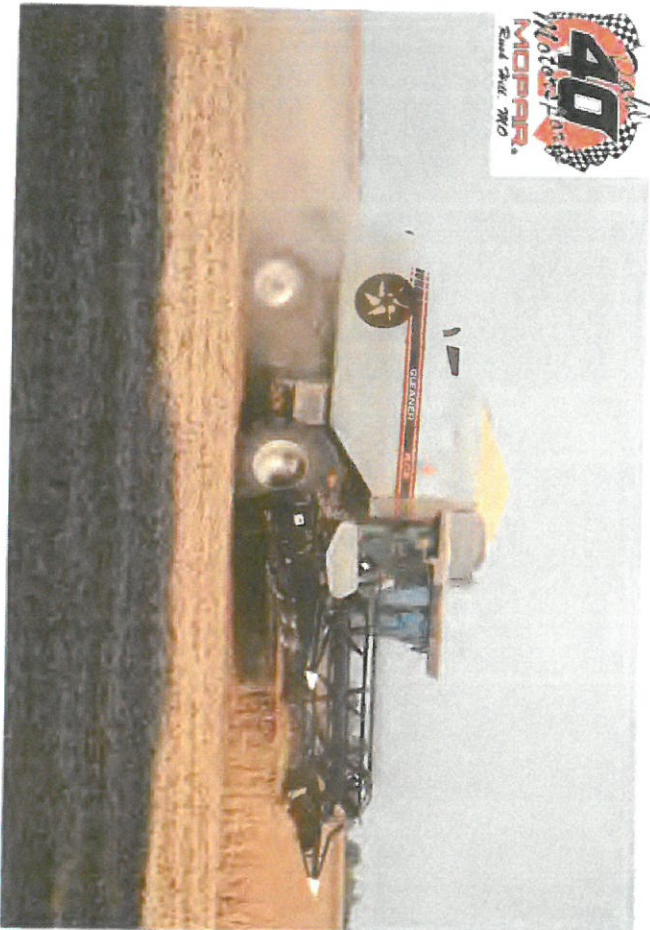
William - 36th birthday.



Scout birdhouse project. August 2000.



William holding trombone.



Wheat harvest July 2013. William waiting for combine to fill up so it can unload into grain wagon.

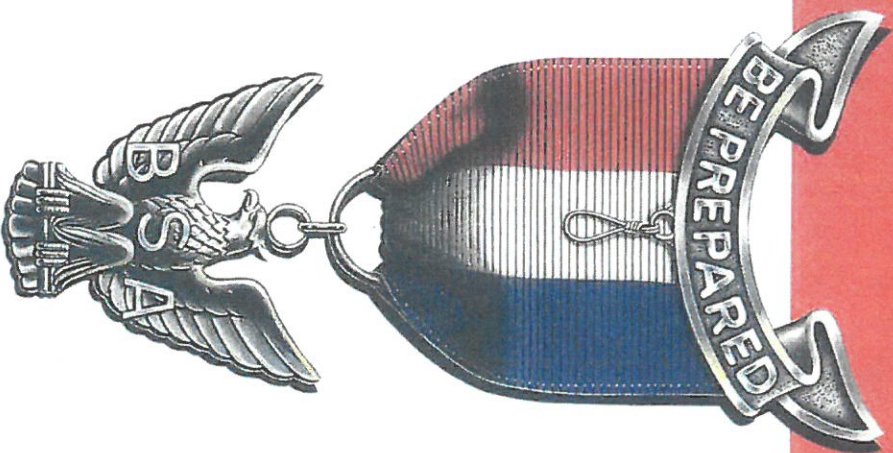
EAGLE SCOUT

William Joseph Dahl

Troop 58
Mexico, MO

Has satisfactorily completed the requirements
and is hereby certified as an Eagle Scout by the

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA



September 09, 2002

DATE

HONORARY PRESIDENT

Tom R. R. R.
PRESIDENT

Greg Z. Williams
CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE

653

COUNCIL NUMBER





Grandpa Cox congratulating William on Eagle Scout Accomplishment.



Future Farmers of America, April 2003.



Great Aunt Shirley and Great Uncle Troesser at Eagle Scout Court of Honor.



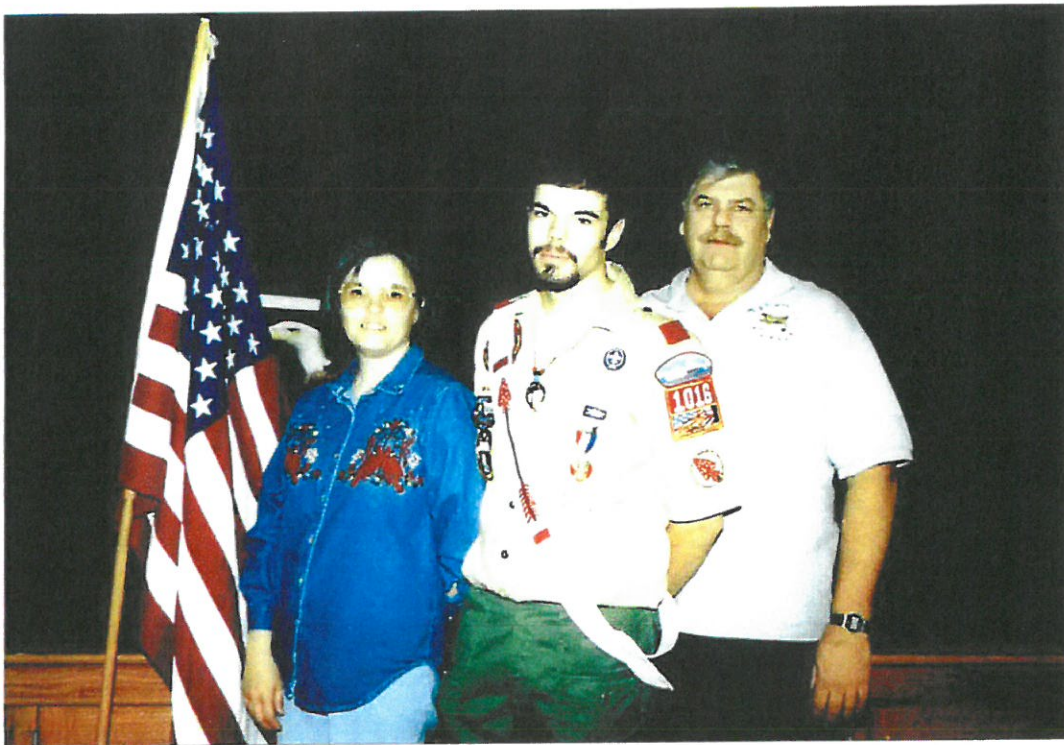
William with Mom and Dad at graduation.



William at graduation from NTI. May 2010.



William and grandma Irene - high school graduation.



Penny Dahl, William and Randy Dahl.



William and grandfather Cox. Grandfather died a month later.



Senior pictures 2002-2003

